

WHAT ONE SEES IN JUAREZ.

Two men walked across the international bridge connecting El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico. One was a stranger in the Southwest; the other was a native son, writes Robert E. Dickson in the Kansas City Star. As their passports were O. K'd by a Mexican immigration officer, the stranger glanced about him keenly alert to his new environment and anxious to see it all.

"Well," he said, "we are in Mexico—on foreign soil. Rather a peculiar feeling."

The native son grinned broadly. "No," he said. "We are not in Mexico. We are in Juarez."

And thereby hangs a tale. Juarez is a city beautiful. It also is a city of ugliness, dirt and filth. It is a city of commerce—one of the principal Mexican ports, and the mecca for American tourists, who spend their money and time in a mad race to "see it all" and who see little of it. It is a city of history, and the history is of many sorts.

The two sides of Juarez are distinct as white and black. The American tourist sees the black side, which is more prominent, and leaves with the impression that he has seen Mexico. He has seen only that part of Mexico invaded by the American gambler and man with a past and exploited by both of them into a reeking city of license.

Follow the American tourist as he leaves El Paso, having obtained his ten day passport and submitted to the vaccination at the bridge.

He leaves the street car and goes immediately to the first saloon, the Central bar and cafe, the largest and most respectable of the many saloons in Juarez. He has several drinks, amid much damning of the United States congress for its part in the eighteenth amendment, and goes into the street again to see what he may see. He sees a good deal of it at first, but gradually views one object at a time and makes order out of the confusion of humanity.

Gambling having recently been resumed in Juarez, after the revolution settled down, he goes to the Tivoli, a place that looks about to pick his game. At present there are faro, stud poker, crap games and chuck-a-luck, but roulette has not been reopened. Why, it is not known, but it probably will be in vogue again in a matter of days.

The crowds about the gaming tables are dense, men and women—and the women are worse gamblers than the men, playing a larger game—watch the dice and cards with intense interest. Whites, negroes, Mexicans and on occasional Oriental crowd about the tables and throw their silver in response to the call of the gamekeepers. No paper money is used in the games; the keeper will change your bill, but silver only appears on the tables.

At one stud poker table a Mexican deals. One eye stares vacantly and fixedly; the other follows his movements, but it is difficult to know whether he is looking at you or the man to your right. He deals with one hand, throwing the cards accurately to each player with a motion of the wrist, and shuffling the cards with the movements that mark him as a veteran player—the faces of the cards never appear above the surface of the table. The players accept their cards and play their hands in absolute silence. Speech seems to be a crime, and the expressions on the players' faces do not indicate the trend of the luck. They do not play with grim countenance; they assume the expressions they wore when they sat down at the table and hold them throughout the game.

After losing what money he considers superfluous, the tourist goes out noticing for the first time several blind beggars along the pathway to the street. A few more drinks in the various saloons, an hour in one of the cabarets and he is ready to go back to the United States. He has "seen Mexico," had his drinks and holds a passport entitling him to go and come as he will between the two countries for a period of ten days. But if he stays later than 9 p. m. he must stay all night, and the hotels are not of the best in Juarez.

Juarez undoubtedly is dirtier than the average American thinks possible. Few paved streets, a careless populace and the chaos of Americans' visits make it a city of filth. To the sightseer, however, it is a city beautiful. The oldest church on the American continent is located there, the bells in its towers still hung with strips of hide as they were in the 16th century, when the church was built. You can go to the doorway, if you will be quiet and restrain your curiosity, and see a large crowd at afternoon prayer, their voices shrill, low or heavy. The church is across from the market place, where the farmer and the manufacturer sit all day in the sun, selling when there is demand, but soliciting no trade. Little tables throughout the town bear cakes of horrible color, swarming with flies and presided over by a man or woman who looks upon sleep as superior to making a living. They are well patronized, but not by the Americans. Your American, even on a spree, draws the line at some things.

In the residential section, small but pretty, one may see the better class of Mexicans. Some of the women are beautiful, haughty and graceful—it is only in the business section (gambling and drinking) where you see the stoupy female. Many ride in motor cars, some in carriages, and are gorgeously and tastefully dressed with dainty persons and vanity cases. There you can see the old homes of the aristocracy. There you can even see the aristocracy, providing they are not taking their siestas, as the better classes do. But it is beautiful, quaint, picturesque (naturally) and interesting to a high degree.

Juarez has its restricted district, an almost separate town of one story adobe huts and dusty streets. The heat becomes stifling in mid-afternoon and the Mexicans remain indoors, with windows and doors tightly closed, sleeping while the sun is at its worst.

MOVE FOR GOOD ROADS.

Correspondent Indorses Suggestion for State and County Effort.

Editor Fort Mill Times:

A matter that should engage the attention and interest of every public spirited citizen of the State was outlined by Holmes Simons at a meeting of the Columbia Automotive Trade association Monday, according to The State of Tuesday. The plan is to have all the public roads in the State put in good condition between August 15 and September 1, so that they will sustain automobile travel throughout the winter months following. This is to be effected by thorough organization and united effort, both State and county. It is thought by those who are pressing the matter that all good citizens will gladly give a day's work, while some will lend teams, wagons, tractors, etc., for putting the roads in good shape. Is this not feasible? Is it not necessary?

How about our York county roads? Do they not need attention and need it badly? Enthusiastic united effort will work wonders along this line. And, from the material standpoint, what will be of so much benefit to all the people as making it easy to go from one part of the State or county to the other? It will be helpful to the farmer, the merchant, the pleasure-seeker, the teacher, the preacher and all classes of business men. Likewise it will be of untold benefit to the farm, the store, the factory, the church and the school.

While we are waiting for bonds to be voted and sold, and the money expended in road building, let us take hold of this suggestion to unite our efforts in making what roads we now have passable during the fall and winter months. There are more ways of showing our love of country than by casting our ballots on election-day, or taking up arms when the time comes for such action. Both of these duties should be gladly performed, the one regularly and intelligently, the other bravely and unflinchingly when duty demands it. But a true and unselfish citizenship should find expression in many ways in the peaceful walks of life, and one of these ways is filling up the mud hole in front of one's door, cutting out the tree or removing some other obstruction without expecting any reward other than a good conscience, better travel for one's self and the appreciation of the public. Let us join with others in this movement, so that with concerted action much good will be done and we shall have a fine lesson in voluntary union of unselfish effort. J. W. H. D.

Fort Mill, July 21.

Occasionally you see a small boy or girl, often naked, always dirty. Less often you see a man or woman, who stares at you with a very superior expression.

When Juarez joined the revolt recently, it merely joined. A week before Juarez joined the revolt, Gen. J. G. Escobar, commander of the Juarez garrison, said to a large audience: "I will have no dealings with the revolution." A day before Juarez joined, General Escobar said: "I am heart and soul with the Carranza government." His garrison joined, and Escobar joined, too.

But it is all over. The soldiers, if they knew, do not care whom they represent, for there is no fighting and plenty of looting, while the police go their way arresting an occasional drunkard and rolling many cigarettes. There is the bull ring, with frequent fights, the market place, the churches, the gambling and drinking, but your Mexican citizen is a peaceful soul with no ambitions save to live happily on very little.

You Can't Beat 'Em for Real Tire Wear

—seems to be the agreed opinion of Ford, Chevrolet and Maxwell owners around here who have the new Goodyear All-Weather Clincher Tire on their rims.



And they certainly must mean it because after they've bought one of these tires it's usually just a question of time until they're back for more of the same for their other wheels.

The new Goodyear Clincher is bigger, better and stronger. We'd like to start one of your car.

Bailes Motor Co.
FORT MILL, S. C.

The Peak of Tube Perfection—Goodyear Heavy Tourist

NO MOR IN SIGHT.

Machine Gunners at Graham, N. C., Shoot Down Citizen.

Machine gunners from Durham, N. C., ordered to Graham by Governor Bickett to protect three negroes accused of assaulting a white woman Saturday, Monday night fired into a group of men, killing James A. Ray. It now transpires, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, that no effort was being made to take the negroes from the Graham jail to Lynch them.

"We find no evidence whatever that any attack was being made on the jail" was the closing sentence of the verdict of the coroner's jury empaneled to hear the evidence in the case and arrive at a conclusion as to the death of James A. Ray, who met his death by a gun shot wound, gun fired by some member of the Durham machine gun company, the hearing having lasted for the day, overshadowing, for the time at least, the initial cause, the outraging of the womanhood of Alamance county by a negro on Saturday night.

Feeling was intense in the county seat of Alamance county Tuesday as a result of what was voiced in the coroner's hearing and out of it as an outrage, evidence introduced showing that not more than five people, two of them boys, were together at the time the shooting occurred and not a single shot having been fired except those fired by the soldiers on guard at the jail Monday night.

The three negro defendants neither of whom the outraged woman would identify as her assailant, in fact, made the statement in the case of each, when they were brought before her, that neither was guilty, were taken by the 36 officers and men of the Durham machine gun company on a special train Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock and carried to Raleigh.

JOB BIG ENOUGH.

Vice President in Cabinet would Be Mistake, Marshall Says.

The vice president of the United States maintaining order in the senate with a gun across his knee was the idea advanced by Vice President Marshall Saturday night at San Diego, Cal., of what would be necessary with the second official of the nation a permanent member of the president's cabinet, as suggested by Senator Harding.

"Discension would arise within the senate should its presiding officer be so closely in touch with the administration as to be a permanent member of the cabinet," Mr. Marshall said. "The vice president would have to preside over the senate with a gun." Marshall declared the chief of the senate acts as a judge on questions affecting the destiny of nations. "I have literally to sit with my eyes shut and politics has no room in the reasoning of the senate executive when matters are presented."

Potts-Hood Marriage.

In the presence of a few of their friends, Miss Sadie Belle Potts and Willie Arthur Hood were married in the study of the Baptist parsonage Sunday afternoon, July 18, at 3:30 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. W. H. Dykes, pastor of the young couple.

The bridegroom is a promising young farmer, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hood of the Pleasant Valley section of Lancaster county, while the bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. June Potts of the same section.

Many friends wish for these young people happiness and prosperity as they start on life's journey together.

SCHOLARSHIP AND ENTRANCE EXAMINATION UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in the University of South Carolina and for admission of new students will be held at the County Courthouse on Friday, July 9, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When scholarships are awarded after July 9, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award.

Applicants for scholarships should write to President Currell for scholarship examination blanks. These blanks, properly filled out by the applicant, should be filed with President Currell by July 2.

Scholarships are worth \$100, free tuition and fees, total \$168. The next session will open September 15, 1920. For further information and catalogue, address

President W. S. CURRELL,
Columbia, S. C.

DR. A. L. OTT, DENTIST

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

(Dr. Spratt's office)

Belk Building, Fort Mill, S. C.

Norris and Whitman Candies

We receive fresh shipments weekly of these Famous Candies, which are carefully preserved in a refrigerating case.

We solicit your Candy orders.

Hutchinson's Pharmacy,

Phone No. 91

JOIN THE THROG

Join the throng of thrifty people who trade regularly with this store where QUALITY is a principle and courteous treatment a policy.

You will always receive the best Quality at the lowest possible price.

Fort Mill Cooperative Store,

G. W. STARNES, Manager.

Why Not Build a Home ?

A Vacant Lot is Dead Capital

YOU NEED THE HOME; LABORERS NEED THE WORK; YOUR TOWN NEEDS THE IMPROVEMENTS AND WE HAVE THE MATERIAL AND NEED THE BUSINESS.

Everythng it Takes to Build We Have It.

Fort Mill Lumber Co.

FORT MILL, S. C.

FOR SALE—"FORD CARS," New and Rebuilt. Also carry in stock Ford Roadster, Touring and Sport Bodies. We do high grade painting and top building on all makes. FAYNE'S AUTO WORKS, Charlotte's Reliable Car Market, 26 East 6th Street, Charlotte, N. C.

READ THE TIMES FOR HOME NEWS

A. L. PARKS, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND FUNERAL EQUIPMENT - MOTOR HEARSE FORT MILL, S. C.